

TWO-POUND BABY CHERISHED---TWINS ARE FORSAKEN.



Watching the Growth of a Two-pound Incubator Baby.

Incubator ethics forbid any closer identification of this wee subject than to call her Eva. She weighed four ounces less than two pounds at her birth. But she is distinguished among hothouse babies by her possession of a perfect little figure and face.

NAVAL MILITIA NOT A MERE TOY.

State Officers Declare Commander Dickinson's Report Is False.

Commander Francis W. Dickinson, of the United States Navy, does not think much of the State Naval Militia, and says so. His recent report to Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has thoroughly aroused the State militia against him. He wants all the ships which the Government has lent to the citizen soldiers withdrawn. He says they are used as club houses.

Commander Dickinson does not think the naval militia as now constituted would be of any service to the nation in time of war. He is afraid, he says, that if the State militia further increases in numbers it will become dominant over the national navy. He does not want Uncle Sam's sailormen to play second fiddle. The commander says the citizen seamen ought to be driven ashore, and that when war comes they ought to operate with the land forces.

"I think," says Commander Dickinson, "that the men selected for this work should be obtained as far as possible from longshoremen, tug and small coasting steamer captains and mates, artisans and fishermen. I consider trading for the construction of play second fiddle. The commander says the citizen seamen ought to be driven ashore, and that when war comes they ought to operate with the land forces."

In the event of war the commander thinks that the State naval militia would be like "infantry without legs."

Commander Dickinson made a report containing these candid remarks on the State militia. It was prepared at the request of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt.

His candid remarks have made the State naval militia of New York angry. They are equally as candid as Commander Dickinson. Captain Jacob W. Miller, who is at the head of the New York State naval militia, does not mind matters. Nor does Commander William H. Stayton, of the Second Battalion, of the New York State naval militia.

Captain Miller said yesterday: "It would seem impossible to understand how an officer of Commander Dickinson's wide experience could have written such a report. It must be that his duties in the department at Washington have prevented him from giving time and thought to a subject which is of vital importance to the country at large, and to the Navy in particular. The inaccuracies in his report are voluminous. His ignorance is gross."

The only ship which has been lent by the Government to the New York naval militia is the old New Hampshire, which was found rotting at New London. The City of New York and the naval battalion have spent \$20,000 on this ship, and have altered her from the worthless old hulk she formerly was to an efficient armory. "This ship has not been used as a club house. On the contrary, 350 young men have drilled there twice a week for the last six years and have succeeded in developing a body which has aroused the highest praise."

Stayton Says There's Malice. Commander Stayton does not believe that Assistant Secretary Roosevelt is in sympathy with the views of Commander Dickinson. Commander Stayton said yesterday: "I know that Assistant Secretary Roosevelt was prepared to submit a report to Congress, providing for the construction of four light cruising vessels, which will be placed at the disposal of the naval militia. One will be the Pacific slope, and the other three will be kept along the Atlantic coast, being handed over from State

to State, for Summer cruise work. "The tone of Commander Dickinson's report is too bitter for me to accept his criticism as founded wholly on good faith and entirely free from malice. Looking in the report for the malice I find it where a woman puts the most important idea in her letter—at the end."

"His wholly unjustifiable attack upon the State Naval Militia and the false statement he makes in regard to the use to which the ships assigned by the Government are put, betrays a fear on the part of Commander Dickinson that he may some time lose promotion through the appearance of a naval militia officer with political influence. It is evident that where an officer sits down and occupies his time with reading the Navy Register for the purpose of finding whether he can go up a number by the death of a fellow officer, he becomes narrow on the subject of promotion and is willing to condemn anything which seems to take away his hope of advancement."

KLONDIKE RAILROAD SURVEY. The Humbert Exploring Expedition Have Found a Very Low Pass.

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—A report has been received here from the Pierre Humbert Alaskan expedition, which sailed from Seattle on October 15. At the time the report was written the party had fixed their headquarters ten miles up the river from Chilkoot Inlet. A railroad is being surveyed on both sides of the river and the explorers have already located a pass over the range, 2,500 feet lower than either Chilkoot or Chilkoot. A perfectly feasible and easy route for a railroad into the valley of the Yukon has been discovered.

Ray Hyam, Who Is Missing. RAY HYAM, twenty-two years of age, disappeared from his home at No. 37 East Third street, near Broadway, over a week ago and no tidings of her have since been received by her relatives. Her disappearance was reported at Police Headquarters, and a general alarm sent out. The girl was a stranger in New York and lived with her father and unmarried sister. "She must have wandered away and got lost in this great city," said her father yesterday. What makes the young woman's disappearance more painful to her aged parent and sister is the fact that she was somewhat demented and cannot care for herself. When she went away she wore a plaid waist, blue skirt and black sailor hat.

Holiday Excursion to Niagara Falls via Erie Railroad on next Wednesday's train at 10 A. M. 5:45, 7:30 and 9:20 P. M. Only \$8 for round trip.

May and Margaret, the Twins, Hold a Reception. May and Margaret were "at home" yesterday at Bellevue Hospital. In one cot lay the twins, who were deserted by their mother on the ninth day after they were born, and were receiving visitors on the tenth day. Most of the visitors who called upon May and Margaret were women who had read of these waifs and were minded to adopt them.

One young woman, clad in the uniform of mourning, dropped tears as she leaned over the cot to inspect the tiny twins. She said that two children had been taken from her in the last year and she considered the adoption of the babies for whom the mother has no affection. This woman in the dress of grief remained a long time at the hospital and finally left the twins with reluctance. She may apply for permission of the court to take May and Margaret for her own in loving memory of her own children who have died. Another woman, her dress indicating abundant possessions, told the nurses that her home is childless and said she had thought of asking for these twins. Still others visited the hospital merely to see the baby girls who begin life under conditions unusual and distressing.

The babies are both pretty children, but they are very different. May is delicate and her little face is wan. She looks older than ten days. Margaret is plump and healthy. May cries fretfully. Margaret sucks at the bottle of warm milk supplied by the city and blinks at the ceiling. Each has large brown eyes and brown hair.

May and Margaret, the Twins, Hold a Reception.

The twins have plenty of friends at the hospital. The nurses are devoted to their tiny charges and even the busy doctors take time to watch May's pale face and Margaret's plump cheeks.

The mother of the twins has disappeared. When she went to the hospital she gave her name as Ellen Cassidy, and her address as No. 301 East Seventy-fifth street. A woman who was with her when she entered the hospital gave her name as Mrs. Margaret Smith, and her address also at No. 301 East Seventy-fifth street. Inquiry was made yesterday at this address. Neither Mrs. Cassidy nor Mrs. Smith is known at the house. The women gave fictitious addresses.

The mother of the children has not been traced after she left the hospital, carrying the twins. The children were found in the area of the house, No. 108 East Eighty-fourth street. The Bellevue Hospital is at Twenty-sixth street. The mother took her babies more than two miles from the hospital, where they were born, and then dropped them in a doorway, where Patrolman "Chinese" Logan found the wee girls.

"I hope their mother won't be found," said a nurse as she pinched Margaret's round cheeks. "Such a woman is not fit to have a child. Little Eva, as the nurses call her, is a week-old to-day. Up to yesterday she had gained four ounces since her birth, from which it may readily be seen that she was a very insignificant human indeed when she made her first appearance. "Not much better than a white mouse," said the incubator head nurse yesterday.

But Eva was and is distinguished from all her fellow hothouse babies by reason of the fact that she has a perfect little figure and face of her own. She is like a superb ten-pound baby viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. The other conservatory patients are different. They look, most of them, like queer old men and women, whom bitter experience has made cynical and who are heartily disgusted with the world.

"What a morsel!" The explanation of this phenomenon is that Little Eva was no intruder. The stork that hovered over her wealthy rooftop did not arrive an hour before he was expected. All manner of hospitality had been prepared for Eva. There were garments of the finest and whitest cambrics and muslins and silks, with lace insertions and feather stitching and all the rest of it. To a layman they would have seemed ridiculously small, but the event proved that they were not half small enough for the distinguished stranger.

"Mon Dieu! What a morsel!" exclaimed the French nurse, as she received it from the doctor. And yet the morsel cried and brandished its fists and acquired the warm-milk habit just as readily as a baby five times its size; nor did the most minute inspection bring to light a single physical defect in the midlet.

Eva's papa and mamma were most anxious to keep her with them, but the doctor shook his head over it. He admitted that she was as perfect a pocket edition of humanity as he had ever seen, but he was of opinion that even the best pocket editions demanded extraordinary care.

"She must be kept in an incubator," he said, emphatically. Eva's mamma, who weighs 200 pounds, went at the thought. Incubators were associated in her mind with cholera and smallpox, and the physician explained that baby incubators were the latest style, her air of offended dignity did not relax.

"I'll tell you what, Madam," said the man of science, in soothing tones, "the child weighs a pound and three-quarters now. When she weighs four pounds you shall have her exclusively. In the meantime, let her become the inmate of a nice incubator. With glass windows, where she can receive scientific care, and where she will pick up flesh very rapidly."

Whereupon Madame blushed, sighed and gave her reluctant consent to little Eva's temporary removal to the incubator for anonymous babies. Twice each day she receives a report of the midlet's health, and not less than once every twenty-four hours she is told the actual gain in weight achieved by little Eva since the previous day. Hitherto it has been at the rate of a fraction less than ten and three-quarter ounces avoirdupois per diem. She has brought the rule of three to her aid, and estimates that unless Eva's ratio of growth increases forty-eight days must elapse before she holds the title in her arms again.

In the meantime Eva is the object of the most devoted care. There is hardly a minute that she is not watched carefully by the city and blinks at the ceiling. Each has large brown eyes and brown hair.

Eva, Unknown, Incubator Marvel.

Gaining Flesh While the Nurses Look On.

There may be squirrels in Central Park these fine Autumn days when nuts and bread crumbs are plenty that weigh as much as two pounds. And there is a human being shut up in a glass cage at the Lion Institute, Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street, that weighs not a grain more.

It is a rich baby, this anonymous midlet, the hope of a luxurious household. To tell whose baby it is would be a breach of incubator ethics. But that is not the most remarkable thing about "Little Eva," as the nurses call her.

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While she is waiting to grow up to the size of the garments her mother prepared for her, she is attired in the midlet uniform of the institute, consisting of a flannel sacque and a towel neatly pinned over her pink onesie.

From time to time she extends her fists at far above her head, as she can reach and stretches herself in any self-respecting growing baby way.

When she is old enough to notice such things, her eyes will grow accustomed to the adjoining towers and palaces, and softly tinkling fountains, and the sympathetic faces of visitors as they peer through the glass at her. Just at present, however, her interest is confined to her bottle. So like a wax doll does she look that every child who has yet seen her has longed to take her out and play with her.

"It won't be long before the precious darling begins to play, instead of sleeping and stretching herself," said the head nurse yesterday.

Eva has already established a vocal acquaintance with her diminutive neighbor in the adjoining incubator. He knows her as Jerome, and is believed to be the child of a well-known attorney. Whenever he cries for his bottle, Jerome lets his small voice, whether he be hungry or not. This has given rise to the prediction that these two white mice will be carrying on a desperate fight before they are many weeks older.

THEFT A WHIM WITH HER. Georgia Marett, a seamstress, who says she lives at No. 240 West Twenty-third street, was arrested yesterday.

Business Notices. CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

TURNED UP A RICH MAN. Johnson's Friends Bfound That He Is the Bonanza King of Dawson. Santa Cruz, Cal., Nov. 21.—John H. Johnson, who has been missing in Alaska, has been heard from. He left Boulder Creek in 1894 and obtained employment near Juneau. After working there for a time as a common laborer, he secured enough money to purchase an outfit, and started for Circle City.

Nothing being heard of him for two years, the local Court of Foresters, of which he was a member, appointed a committee to ascertain his whereabouts. His friends were gratified to learn from a letter written in Dawson City, September 30, that he is there known as "The Bonanza King," his claim to the Klondike being worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN. It cures colic, wind, flatulence, diarrhea, teething, and all the ailments of infancy. It is a household necessity. 25c a bottle.

\$130 U.S. GOLD--SEE "WANT" PAGES.



Patrolman "Chinese" Logan Finds the Abandoned Twins in an Area.

The children were dressed in clothing supplied to the mother, Mrs. Ellen Cassidy, by the matron of the Emergency Ward in Bellevue. The babies were returned to Bellevue, where they had several callers yesterday, who admired their beauty.

street, was employed on Saturday by Mrs. John O'Connell, of No. 13 Van Nest place, to do some sewing. Leaving the seamstress alone for some time while she was attending to duties in another part of the house, she was surprised to find the woman had

disappeared in her absence. Mrs. O'Connell investigated and found that a gold watch, some rings and other jewelry had also disappeared. Her husband was made acquainted with the facts, and he went to the Charles street station. The seamstress was found in her room with the

jewelry in her possession. She admitted taking the jewelry, but said it was just a whim or impulse on her part, and that she intended returning it to Mrs. O'Connell. The prisoner was held for examination in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Shopping Hints for To-Day. | Shopping Hints for To-Day. | Shopping Hints for To-Day.

O'Neill's

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CAPE. JACKETS.

Rain-Proof Plush Capes, box plaited back, lined with heavy satins and trimmed with French sable fur, Usual price 22.50.

Jackets of best grade Persian cloth, shield fronts, high storm collars, lined with colored satins, Usual price 16.75.

SPECIAL 12.75 SPECIAL 9.75

Velour du Nord Capes, box plaited, lined with silk and trimmed with sable fur, Usual price 32.50.

Fine Smooth Kersey Cloth Jackets, all seams strapped, lined throughout with Roman striped taffeta silks, Usual price 22.00.

SPECIAL 17.98 SPECIAL 12.75

Also One Hundred Fine Imported Silk Velvet Capes, magnificently embroidered in jets and silk, edged with Alaska sable or Persian Lamb fur, Usual price 50.00 to 85.00.

Ladies' Jackets, Russian blouse effects, and Top Coats, plain or handsomely trimmed, lined with silk, at HALF REGULAR PRICES.

29.75 and 39.75

All purchases (except Bicycles and Machines) delivered free to every point within 100 miles of New York city.

Untrimmed Hats.

Alpine Hats, fine fur felt, worth 1.00, 48c each.

Fine Fur Felt Hats, dress shapes, extraordinary value, at 25c and 48c each.

AN ATTRACTIVE LINE OF Children's Trimmed Hats, 2.45 each.

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SIXTH AVENUE, 20TH TO 21ST STREET.